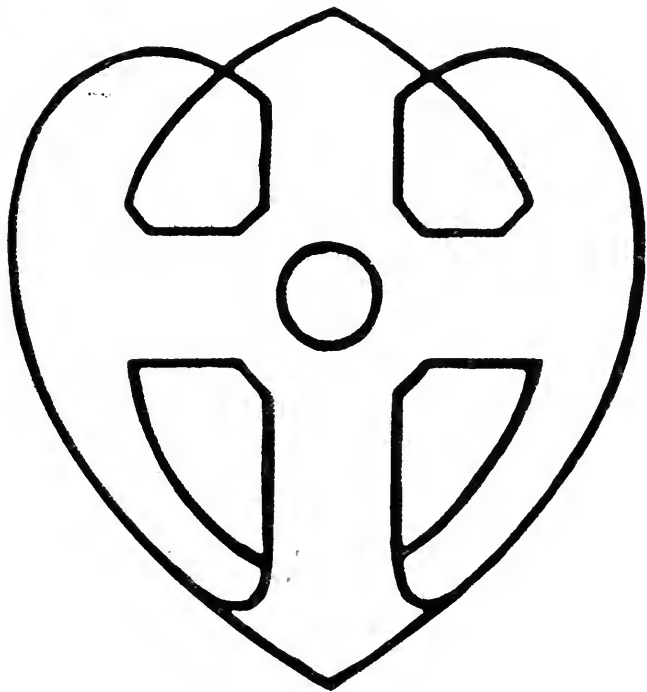


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# THE GILLY OF CHRIST



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THE GILLY  
OF CHRIST

By Seosamh . . .

Mac Cathmhaoil, . .

With Three Symbols

By Ada M. . . .

Wentworth Sheilds.

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MAUNSEL & CO.,

LIMITED, DUBLIN.

1907. . . . .

TO A. V. M.

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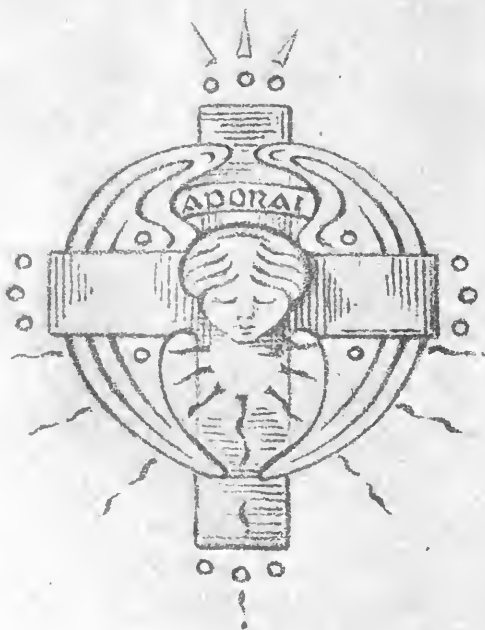
THE POET LOOSED A WINGÈD SONG.

*And there are also many other things which  
Christ and the gilly did, the which, if they  
should be written every one, I suppose that  
even the world itself could not contain the  
books that should be written. . . . .*



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THE INCARNATION.

## I FOLLOW A STAR.

**I** FOLLOW a star  
Burning deep in the blue,  
A sign on the hills  
Lit for me and for you !

Moon-red is the star,  
Halo-ringed like a rood,  
Christ's heart in its heart set,  
Streaming with blood.

Follow the gilly  
Beyond to the west :  
He leads where the Christ lies  
On Mary's white breast.

King, priest and prophet—  
A child, and no more—  
Adonai the Maker !  
Come, let us adore.

# I AM THE GILLY OF CHRIST.

I AM the gilly of Christ,  
The mate of Mary's Son ;  
I run the roads at seeding-time,  
And when the harvest 's done.

I sleep among the hills,  
The heather is my bed ;  
I dip the termon-well for drink,  
And pull the sloe for bread.

No eye has ever seen me,  
But shepherds hear me pass,  
Singing at fall of even  
Along the shadowed grass.

The beetle is my bellman,  
The meadow-fire my guide,  
The bee and bat my ambling nags  
When I have need to ride.

All know me only the Stranger,  
Who sits on the Saxons' Height :  
He burned the bacach's little house  
On last St. Brigid's Night.

He sups off silver dishes,  
And drinks in a golden horn,  
But he will wake a wiser man  
Upon the Judgment Morn !

I am the gilly of Christ,  
The mate of Mary's Son ;  
I run the roads at seeding-time,  
And when the harvest 's done.

The seed I sow is lucky,  
The corn I reap is red,  
And whoso sings the 'Gilly's Rann'  
Will never cry for bread.

## BY A WONDROUS MYSTERY.

**B**Y a wondrous mystery  
Christ of Mary's fair body  
Upon a middle winter's morn,  
Between the tides of night and day,  
In Ara's holy isle was born.  
Mary went upon her knee  
Travailing in ecstasy,  
And Brigid, mistress of the birth,  
Full reverently and tenderly  
Laid the child upon the earth.  
Then the dark-eyed rose did blow,  
And rivers leaped from out the snow.  
Earth grew lyrical : the grass,  
As the light winds chanced to pass—  
Than magian music more profound—  
Murmured in a maze of sound.  
White incense rose upon the hills  
As from a thousand thuribles,  
And in the east a seven-rayed star  
Proclaimed the news to near and far.  
The shepherd danced, the gilly ran,  
The boatman left his curachan ;

The king came riding on the wind  
To offer gifts of coin and kind ;  
The druid dropped his ogham wand,  
And said : ' Another day 's at hand,  
A newer dawn is in the sky :  
I put my withered sapling by.  
The druid Christ has taken breath  
To sing the runes of life and death.'

## WHEN ROOKS FLY HOMeward.

WHEN rooks fly homeward  
And shadows fall,  
When roses fold  
On the hay-yard wall,  
When blind moths flutter  
By door and tree,  
Then comes the quiet  
Of Christ to me.

When stars look out  
On the Children's Path,  
And grey mists gather  
On carn and rath,  
When night is one  
With the brooding sea,  
Then comes the quiet  
Of Christ to me.

*The Children's Path, i.e. the Path of the Children of  
Uisneach—*

*Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way.*



## AS I CAME OVER THE GREY, GREY HILLS.

**A**S I came over the grey, grey hills  
And over the grey, grey water,  
I saw the gilly leading on,  
And the white Christ following after.

Where and where does the gilly lead?  
And where is the white Christ faring?  
They've travelled the four grey sounds of Orc,  
And the four grey seas of Eirinn.

The moon is set and the wind 's away,  
And the song in the grass is dying,  
And a silver cloud on the silent sea  
Like a shrouding-sheet is lying.

And Christ and the gilly will follow on  
Till the ring in the east is showing,  
And the awny corn is red on the hills,  
And the golden light is glowing.

## CHRIST, WANDERING WITH THE TWELVE.

CHRIST, wandering with the Twelve  
One day in the fields  
Under the hill of Barra by the sea,  
Said to them :  
'Why take ye thought for raiment ?  
Consider the wind-flowers  
How they grow,  
Swaying, swaying in the grass :  
They toil not, neither do they spin,  
Nor weave fine clothes to cover them.  
Yet I say unto you,  
That Oilioll in all his glory  
Was not arrayed like one of these.'

## THE DARK IS MAGICAL.

THE dark is magical, the air  
Living with silver moths.  
Planet and star, like cherubin  
On heaven's amber stair,  
With golden cloths  
About their shoulders thrown,  
Whisper in sweet and secret monotone.  
The west wind beats upon my face  
With wings invisible, and feet  
As white and light and musical  
As wind . . . But lo,  
Where yonder in a cloud of snow  
Comes Christ, the Mystical !  
His feet are whiter than the wind,  
His raiment than the stars,  
His voice than song of wind and stars  
In diapason joined  
More lyrical.

## THE WOMEN BORE THEIR CHILDREN.

THE women bore their children  
From mountain and field and street ;  
They bore them thro' the jeering crowd,  
And set them at Christ's feet.

And lo, the Twelve rebuked them,  
Saying : 'The light is done :  
The word is dead on the Master's lips,  
And fain is he to be gone.'

But Christ had love for the women  
Who gave to him of their share,  
And took the children up in his arms,  
And covered them with his hair,

And said : 'Let the lambs and the younglings  
Be borne into the fold ;  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven,  
And of such is the horn of gold.

'And lo, I take the children,  
And mark them with crosses three,  
And the pale, dark women, their mothers,  
Who ministered unto me.'

Then Christ dreamed awhile in silence,  
And wandered into the night :  
And his feet were a running river,  
And his head a star of light.

## HE STAGGERED THRO' THE BURNING STREET.

**H**E staggered thro' the burning street,  
And tho' his cross o'er-weighted him,  
He raised his comely head to greet  
The women of Jerusalem.  
'O women of Jerusalem,  
Weep not for me who go to death  
With unbowed head and easy breath,  
But for your children. Lo, at hand  
There comes a season to the land  
When ye shall curse the womb that bears,  
The pap that sucks, the hand that rears,  
And Jew-folk born of Jacob's stem  
Shall call the hills to fall on them !'  
And when he came to Calvary,  
By many a strait and stifling street,  
They seized him by the hands and feet  
And nailed him to the gallows tree,  
And hoised him on the rocky stairs  
Between two common murderers ;  
And ere the day in dark was lost  
The sinless Christ gave up the ghost.  
Then flew the gilly on the wind



THE CRUCIFIXION.





To do his Master service kind,  
And with him came the Magdalen  
With oil of nard and cinnamon,  
And Maria and Salome  
Bearing cloths of sepulchry.  
And when the paschal sun was dark  
They took the body white and stark,  
And laid it in a cist of stone  
To wait the Resurrection.

## TWILIGHT FALLEN WHITE AND COLD.

**T**WILIGHT fallen white and cold,  
Child in cradle, lamb in fold;  
Glimmering thro' the ghostly trees,  
Arcturus and Pleiades.  
Wounds of Eloim,  
Weep on me !

Black-winged vampires flitting by,  
Curlews crying in the sky ;  
Grey mists wreathing from the ground,  
Wrapping rath and burial-mound.  
Wounds of Eloim,  
Weep on me !

Heard, like some sad Gaelic strain,  
Ocean's ancient voice in pain ;  
Darkness folding hill and wood,  
Sorrow drinking at my blood.  
Wounds of Eloim,  
Weep on me !

## THE MOON IS IN THE MARSHES.

THE moon is in the marshes,  
The gannets wheel and pass,  
Casting wandering shadows  
Over the mallow-grass ;  
Salt airs come lightly blowing  
In from the open sea,  
And I am dreaming, dreaming  
In silent ecstasy.

A Christ-like quiet gathers  
About my weary soul :  
The wind wails in the marshes,  
The tides tumble and roll ;  
The red moon sails in beauty  
Over the open sea,  
And I am dreaming, dreaming  
In silent ecstasy.

# I AM THE MOUNTAINY SINGER.

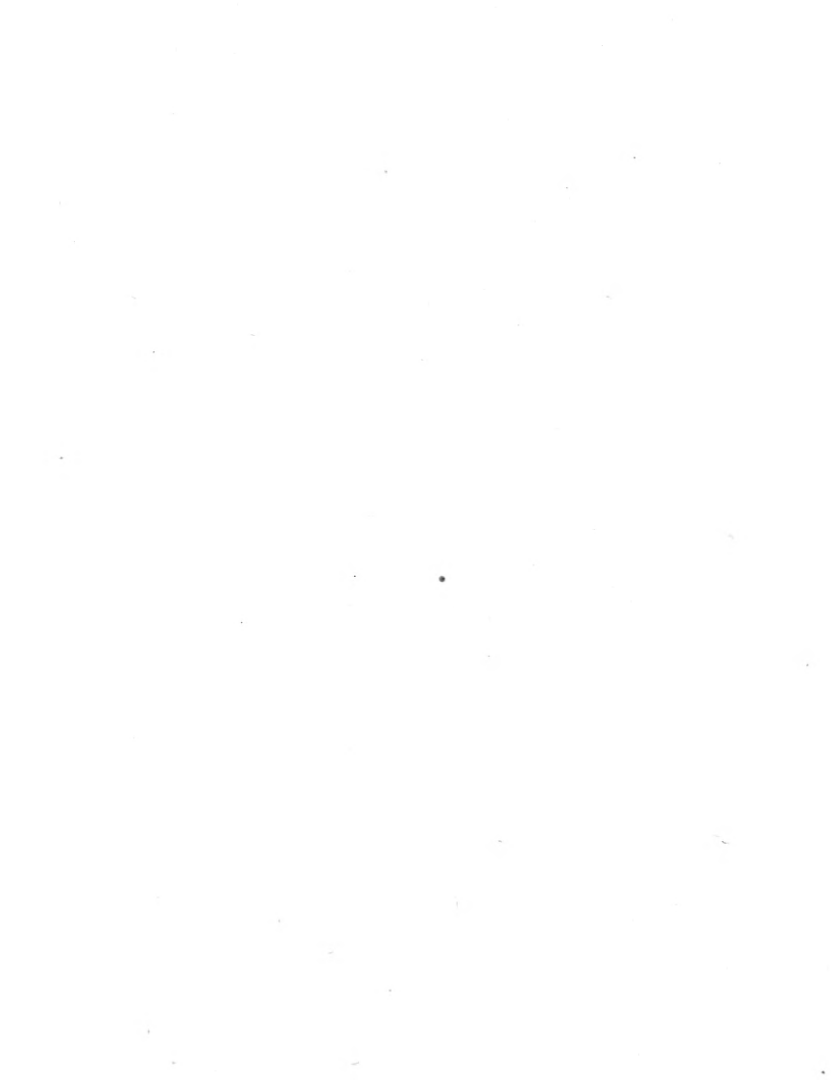
I AM the mountainy singer,  
And I would sing of the Christ  
Who followed the paths thro' the mountains  
To eat at the people's tryst.

He loved the sun-dark people  
As the young man loves his bride,  
And he moved among their thatches,  
And for them he was crucified.

And the people loved him, also,  
More than their houses or lands,  
For they had known his pity  
And felt the touch of his hands.

And they dreamed with him in the mountains  
And they walked with him on the sea,  
And they prayed with him in the garden,  
And bled with him on the tree.

Not ever by longing and dreaming  
May they come to him now,  
But by the thorns of sorrow  
That bruised his kingly brow.





THE RESURRECTION.

## AT MORNING TIDE.

**A**T morning tide,  
Upon the hill of Sliabh-na-mBan,  
I saw the dead Christ glorified !  
His body, like the risen sun,  
Was all too bright to look upon :  
The blue air burned  
About him : in his side  
And hands and feet there shone  
(Thro' stabs and gashes gaping wide)  
The golden glory of his blood :  
The gilly stood  
Upon his right hand : at his feet  
The fishers, Peter, James and John,  
Knelt worshipping  
With outstretched arms, and eyes  
To heaven turned :  
And Maria, his mother sweet,  
(The partner of his mysteries)  
And Magdalen and Salome  
Came thro' the doorway of the day  
Behind him, weeping.  
. . . . . Then a cloud came o'er  
My senses, and I saw and heard no more !

## EVERY SHUILER IS CHRIST.

**E**VERY shuiler is Christ,  
Then be not hard or cold :  
The bit that goes for Christ  
Will come a hundred-fold.

The ear upon your corn  
Will burst before its time ;  
Your roots will yield a crop  
Without manure or lime.

And every sup you give  
To crutch him on his way  
Will fill your churn with milk,  
And choke your barn with hay.

Then when the shuiler begs,  
Be neither hard nor cold :  
The share that goes for Christ  
Will come a hundred-fold.



## THE POET LOOSED A WINGÈD SONG.

THE poet loosed a wingèd song  
Against the hulk of England's wrong.  
Were poisoned words at his command,  
'Twould not avail for Ireland.

The soldier lifted up a sword,  
And on the hills in battle poured  
His life-blood like an ebbing sea—  
And still we pine for liberty.

The friar spoke his bitter hope,  
And danced upon the gallows rope.  
Were he to dance that dance again  
A hundred times, 'twould be in vain.

Christ save us ! only thou canst save !  
The nation staggers to the grave.  
Can genius, valour, faith be given,  
And win no recompense of heaven ?

No, Christ ! by Ireland's martyrs, no !  
'Twas not for this we suffered so.  
Die, die again on Calvary tree,  
If needs be, Christ, to set us free !





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